

A DESPERATE CHANCE.

Effect of the Excitement of Battle on a Wounded Man.

Amos Chapman was fifteen years in the government employ as a scout on the plains. During his life of constant peril and exposure, writes Mr. Randall Parrish in "The Great Plains," one of his most heroic deeds was performed while he was bearing dispatches for General Miles from his camp on McClellan creek to Camp Supply, Indian Territory. The dispatch party consisted of six men. Early in the morning, after a hard night's ride, they were suddenly attacked near the Washita river by a band of over a hundred Kiowa and Comanche warriors. Captain Dodge thus describes what followed:

The first intimation of the presence of Indians was a volley which wounded every man of the party. In an instant the Indians appeared on all sides.

Dismounting and abandoning their horses, the brave band of whites moved together for a hundred yards to a buffalo wallow, a shallow natural depression in the prairie.

Chapman and Dixon, being but slightly wounded, worked hard and fast to deepen this depression, and as soon as it was sufficiently deep to afford some cover it was occupied and the work continued from within.

Smith had fallen from his horse at the first fire and was supposed to be dead. Chapman said, "Now, boys, keep those infernal redskins off me, and I will run down as I pick up Smith and bring him back before they can get at me."

Laying down his rifle, he sprang out of the buffalo wallow, ran with all speed to Smith, seized and attempted to shoulder him.

"I lay down," said Chapman, "and got his chest across my back and his arms around my neck and then got up with him. It was as much as I could do to stagger under him, for he couldn't help himself a bit. By the time I had got twenty or thirty yards about fifteen Indians came for me at full speed on their ponies."

The boys in the buffalo wallow opened on the Indians, and Amos ran for it.

"When I was within about twenty yards of the wallow," he continued, "a little old scoundrel whom I had fed fifty times rode almost on to me and fired. I fell, with Smith on top of me, but as I didn't feel pain I thought I had stepped in a hole."

"The Indians couldn't stay around there a minute. The boys kept it red hot. So I jumped up, picked up Smith and got safe into the wallow."

"Amos," said Dixon, "you are badly hurt."

"No, I am not," said I.

"Why, look at your leg!" And, sure enough, the leg was shot off just above the ankle joint, and I had been walking on the bone and dragging the foot behind me, and in the excitement I never knew it, nor have I ever had any pain in my leg to this day."

Considerate.

A prosperous grocer in a certain midland town had occasion recently to engage a new errand boy. Trade was very brisk, and the lad had a great deal of work to do in delivering parcels in different parts of the town.

"Well, George, how did you get on on Saturday?" asked the grocer on Monday morning.

"Oh, fine," replied the boy. "But I'll be leavin' at the end of the week."

"Why, what's up now?" queried his master. "Are the wages not high enough?"

"I'm not findin' any fault with the pay," replied the boy, "but the fact is, I'm doin' a horse out o' a job here."—London Graphic.

Rare Stamps.

In stamp collecting the thing that counts is the rarity and not the age of a specimen. It frequently happens even nowadays that a stamp has an exceedingly brief "life" or is for some reason suddenly "called in," and the result is an unexpected scarcity of specimens, followed by a rapid rise in market value. Many a cute stamp collector has enriched himself by a patient study of market probabilities and by acting promptly on discovering a "good thing."

A Dinner in Japan.

The usual dinner hours of the Japanese are 4, 6 and 7 o'clock. When the guests are seated on the mats two and sometimes three small, low, lacquered tables are brought to each. On that immediately in front of him the guest finds seven little bowls, with, near his left hand, rice, near his right hand fermented bean soup, the others containing "roast" fish, roast fowl, boiled meat, raw fish in vinegar and a stew of vegetables.—"Food and Cookery."

A Fighting Swan.

That a swan will fight fiercely was shown by an exciting struggle between a swan and a park policeman on the upper lake in Waterlow park, England. Some india rubber balls had rolled into the water, and to get them the constable paddled out in a punt. This drew the notice of the male swan, which deserted its consort and the brood of cygnets and went for the constable with great fury. Once or twice it almost upset the punt by causing the constable to overbalance it in saving his legs from the bird's beak. It was only with difficulty and risk that the balls were recovered. The swan then followed the punt to the bank, making vicious darts at the constable.

Berlin Is Quiet.

Berlin is said to be the most quiet city in Europe. Railway engines are not allowed to blow their whistles within the city limits. There is no loud bawling of hucksters, and a man whose wagon gearing is loose and rattling is subject to a fine. The courts have a large discretion as to fines for noise making. Strangest of all, piano playing is regulated in Berlin. Before a certain hour in the day and after a certain hour in the night the piano must be silent in that musical city. Even during the playing hours a fine is imposed for mere pounding on the piano.

The Lid Was On.

From one of the big ranches in the San Joaquin valley an elderly workman, not addicted to vacations, recently made a trip to San Francisco. The postmaster on his return said to him, employing a word needlessly complex and long, "Well, Jabez, how did you like the metropolis?" "Wot say?" asked the old man. "How did you like the metropolis?" he repeated. "Twan't open," said he.—Argonaut.

Best the World Affords.

"It gives me unbounded pleasure to recommend Bucklen's Arnica Salve," says J. W. Jenkins, of Chapel Hill, N. C. "I am convinced it's the best salve the world affords. It cured a felon on my thumb, and it never fails to heal every sore, burn or wound to which it is applied. 25c at J. Geo. Suhrer's drug store."

Some of the First.

A group of bachelors who carry on co-operative housekeeping on the upper west side deputed the most caustic of their number to remonstrate with their grocer about the quality of his eggs. The grocer assumed the role of injured innocence. "It's impossible that those eggs should be bad," said he. "We've been getting them from the same farm for eighteen years." "That's just the trouble," replied the spokesman; "this morning you sent me some of the first you got."—New York Post.

Abraham Lincoln

was a man who, against all odds, attained the highest honor a man could get in the United States. Ballard's Horehound Syrup has attained a place, never equalled by any other like remedy. It is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza and all Pulmonary diseases. Every mother should keep supplied with this wonderful cough medicine. Sold by J. P. Miller, M. D.

Some Pockets.

"Most people know what a 'poacher's pocket' is, but how many have heard of a music pocket?" said a tailor. "Many professional singers have their overcoats fitted with such a receptacle. Usually they are placed in the back of the coat just above the waist line and will hold half a dozen pieces of music without crushing. Some detectives, too, have their business suits fitted with a handcuff pocket in the sleeve. The special advantage of this is that the manacles can be withdrawn unseen. When an obstreperous prisoner sees the officer's hand seeking a pocket he knows what is coming and acts accordingly. But with the special pocket the 'bracelets' are out and snapped on his wrists before he can resist."

"One of my customers makes a point of having his trousers lined with leather from the knee downward. Why? Because a dog once bit him severely in the calf, and he doesn't want it to happen twice."—London Answers.

Your Liver

is out of order. You go to bed in a bad humor and get up with a bad taste in your mouth. You want something to stimulate your liver. Just try Herbine, the liver regulator. A positive cure for Constipation, Dyspepsia and all liver complaints. Mrs. F.—Ft. Worth, Texas, writes: "Have used Herbine in my family for years. Words can't express what I think about it. Everybody in my household are happy and well, and we owe it to Herbine. Sold by J. P. Miller, M. D."

BOBBY'S CHANCE.

He Returned From the Party Bringing His Sheaves With Him.

Little Robert, aged four, presented his mother with a large sized shock the other day. It was a case of sowing a mild little breeze and reaping a full grown whirlwind.

Robert is Mrs. B.'s first and has always had a large front seat in her affections. Even when Mrs. B. attended parties she remembered Robert and would slip a bit of candy into her handkerchief to carry home to him.

Not that Robert did not have as much candy of his own as was good for him—and more, too—but he took an awed delight in anything which came from a party. So his mother always produced some souvenir of her modest social dissipation with which to satisfy Robert.

A few weeks ago Robert himself went to a party, his very first. A maid brought him home and left him, together with a large paper bag, in the eager arms of his well-coming mother. The first rapture of description had scarcely begun when Mrs. B. became conscious of the bulky bag.

"Why, Robert, what's this?" "It's for you. I brought it to you from the party."

With some misgiving Mrs. B. opened the bag. It contained a large orange, nuts, candy, grapes, cakes—in fact, a very respectable assortment of refreshments suited to the juvenile taste.

Robert had supposed it was quite the usual thing to take little consolatory items to the uninvited members of one's family, and he had taken a generous delight in securing a truly noble collection for his mother.

That lady faced the double problem of explaining the situation to Robert's hostess and of presenting to Robert a clear reason why what was sauce for the goose, so to speak, was a totally different thing for the gander. The explanation, which simmered down, of course, to a question of size or quantity was far from being clear to Robert, who is low in his mind and thinks he does not care for society at all.—New York Sun.

Great Luck.

"I had great luck tonight. I didn't have to hang on a strap going home."

"Lots of room, eh?" "No; I couldn't get in the car."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Appropos.

"What would you rather do above all other things?" "Above all other things? Why, ride in an airship."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Egyptian Geometry.

The Ahmes papyrus doubtless represents the most advanced attainments of the Egyptians in arithmetic and geometry. It is remarkable that they should have reached so great proficiency in mathematics at so remote a period of antiquity. But strange indeed is the fact that during the next 2,000 years they should have made no progress whatsoever in it. All the knowledge of geometry which they possessed when Greek scholars visited them, six centuries B. C., was doubtless known to them 2,000 years earlier, when they built those stupendous and gigantic structures, the pyramids. An explanation for this stagnation of learning has been sought in the fact that their early discoveries in mathematics and medicine had the misfortune of being entered upon their sacred books and that in after ages it was considered heretical to augment or modify anything therein. Thus the books themselves closed the gates to progress.—"History of Mathematics." Cajori.

Her Mourning.

Maud—Why is that lady over the way always in black? Is she mourning for any one? Bess—Yes, a husband. Maud—I didn't know she'd been married. Bess—No, but she's mourning for a husband all the same.

Of Course.

Professor (a little distracted)—I'm glad to see you. How's your wife? "I regret it, professor, but I'm not married." "Ah, yes. Then of course your wife's still single."—Fliegende Blätter.

Rogers' Liverwort Tar and Canchalagua.

For the complete cure of coughs, colds, asthma and bronchitis and all lung complaints tending to consumption. Liverwort Tar and Wild Cherry, have for ages maintained an established reputation as a standard cough remedy. It contains no opium or harmful drug and can be given with safety to children. Price \$1.00. Sold by Dr. J. P. Miller.

Williams' Mfg. Co., Props., Cleveland, O.

In the city of Durango, Mexico, is an iron mountain 640 feet high, and the iron is 60 to 70 per cent pure. The ore spreads in all directions for a radius of three or four miles. The entire deposit is sufficient to supply all the iron required in the world for 1,000 years.—Mexican Herald.

Foley's Kidney Cure

Cures All Kidney and Bladder Diseases

Foley's Kidney Cure will positively cure any case of Kidney or Bladder disease that is not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more.

If you notice any irregularities, commence taking Foley's Kidney Cure at once and avoid a fatal malady.

A Merchant Cured After Having Given Up Hope.

Foley & Co., Chicago. Gentlemen—I was afflicted with Kidney and Bladder trouble for six years and had tried numerous preparations without getting any relief and had given up hope of ever being cured when FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE was recommended to me. After using one bottle I could feel the effect of it, and after taking six fifty-cent bottles, I was cured of Kidney and Bladder trouble and have not felt so well for the past twenty years and I owe it to FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE. James Smith, Bentons Ferry, W. Va.

A Veteran of the Civil War Cured After Ten Years of Suffering.

R. A. Cray, J.P., of Oakville, Ind., writes:—"Most of the time for ten years I was confined to my bed with some disease of the kidneys. It was so severe I could not move part of the time. I consulted the best medical skill available, but got no relief until FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE was recommended to me. I am grateful to be able to say that it entirely cured me."

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Church Notes.

St. Michael's Catholic church, Rev. John O'Brien, pastor, Third and Broome streets. Services Sunday as follows:

High Mass at 10.
Vespers at 7:30 p. m.
Sunday school at 8.
Mass every morning at 6:30.
Mass at Old Town every Sunday morning at 7:30.

Services at the Methodist Episcopal Church, corner of Sixth and Broome streets, Rev. R. L. Sprinkle, pastor.

Services at the First Baptist church, corner of Fifth and Alachua streets. Rev. C. E. W. Dobbs, D. D., pastor.

Services as follows:
Sunday School at 9:45.
Preaching at 11.
Epist. Young People's Union 6:45.
Evening service at 7:30.
Payor meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30.

Services at the First Presbyterian church, Sixth street, Rev. E. W. Way, pastor, Sunday as follows:
Sunday school at 9:30.

Preaching by the pastor at 11.
Evening services at 7:30.
Midweek services for prayer and social worship, Wednesday at 7:30.

At the Episcopal church, in the absence of a Rector, lay service is conducted every Sunday, morning and evening at the regular hours.

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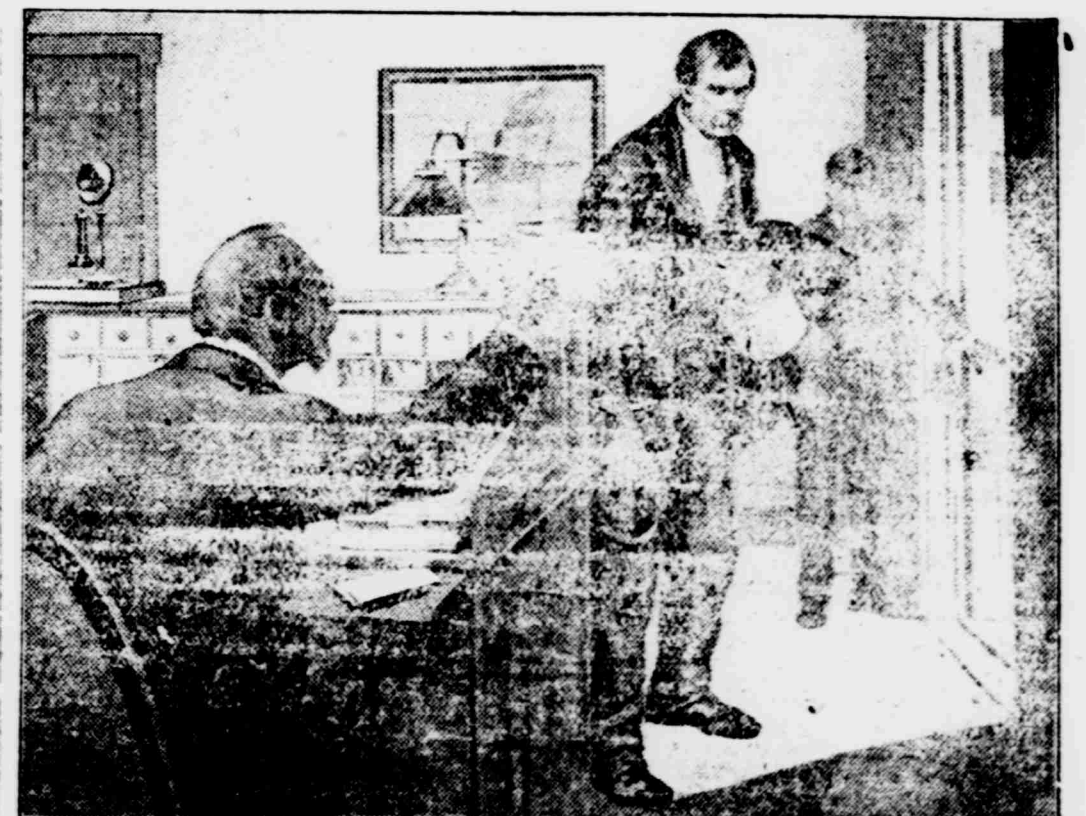
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